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***“FAIRY KHALEEK’S STORY.”**



' FAIRY KHALEEK " WRITING HER STORY.

“ FAIRY KHALEEK’S STORY.”

A BRIGHT LITTLE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY

FAIRY KHALEEK MUMTAZ,

A Ten-year-old Mahomedan Authoress.

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1906

DEDICATED TO
MY DEAR GRANDFATHER,
COLONEL NAWAB AFSUR-UL-MULK BAHADUR,
C.I.E., M.V.O.,
A.-D.-C. to H. H. the NIZAM OF HYDERABAD,
G.C.S.I., G.C.B.,
Whose encouragement helped me to fulfil the task.

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"Fairy Khaleek" writing her Story.

Colonel Nawab Afsur-ul-Mulk Bahadur, C.I.E., M.V.O., A.-D.-C.

"Fairy Khaleek" playing her Violin.

"Mumtaz Mansions"—the home of "Fairy Khaleek" in India.

"Every morning we would work in the Garden."

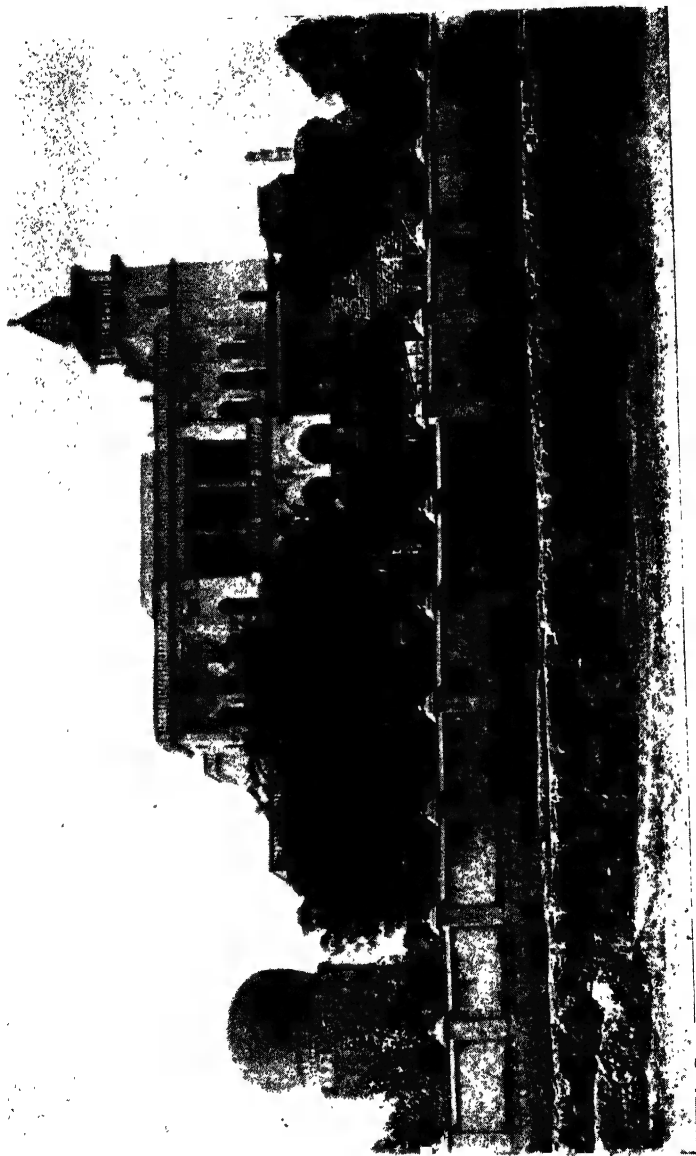
"We climbed down the Ivy."

PREFACE.

Fairy Khaleek Mumtaz, the youthful authoress of this story, is the clever ten-year-old daughter of Captain Mumtaz Yar-ud-Daula Bahadur, a distinguished Officer of H. H. the Nizam's Forces, Hyderabad (Deccan).

"Fairy Khaleek," as she is generally called, received her early training and education in Eastbourne, where she developed cultured literary tastes quite extraordinary in a Mahomedan young lady of such tender years.

Her photograph forms the frontispiece of this book.



"MUMTAZ MANSIONS," THE HOME OF "FAIRY KHALEEK" IN INDIA.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR LITTLE READERS,

I hope you will like my little story, and will find it interesting.

Although called "Fairy Khaleek's Story," it is by no means a fairy-tale.

I wrote the story in my spare time and without assistance, I am proud to say.

I am not very old myself. If you count up the fingers and thumbs on both your hands, you will know how old I am.

I live in India, in my father's house at Hyderabad (Deccan), a picture of which you will see in this book.

I lived for five years at Eastbourne, where I was taught how to read and write.

There, I have told you everything about myself that you would care to know, and remain

Your little Friend,

Fairy Khaleek Muntaz.

1906.



"FAIRY KHALEEK" WRITING HER STORY.

CHAPTER I.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

At six o'clock in the morning we started off to the station to meet our mother and father and brothers, who had been away for a few days.

Mother and father were very pleased to see us, and mother hugged and kissed us as if she had not seen us for ever such a long time.

Like the old poem, "we are seven:" there is mother and father; then, as I am the eldest child, I suppose I come next—my name is Hilda and I am fourteen years old; after me comes my brother Gordon, who is twelve; Irene is ten and Marjorie eight; and last of all comes little six-year-old Ernest.

We all lived very happily together in a nice house in London.

While we were driving home, I noticed that Gordon was unusually quiet.

"What is the matter, Gordon?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Gordon gruffly, and turned away his head.

It was not till breakfast time that I found out the cause of his silence.

"Mother and father say we are going to be sent away to school in a fortnight," said Gordon, unable to keep silent any longer. "I don't like going to school at all."

"Why?" I asked in amazement. "I think it will be such fun. I wish I was going too."

"And so you are," chimed in mother, "you, Gordon, and Irene are going to school at Brighton."

"Brighton," echoed Irene, "why, mother, that's where we went last Whitsuntide."

"Yes," answered mother. "But go on with your breakfast; you can talk about the school later."

And we did talk. We talked the whole day, and were full of the subject at tea time, and at supper time, and at bed time. Every day we had something fresh to say, and looked forward to the eventful day with great eagerness.

To comfort Marjorie and Ernest, who seemed left out in the cold, I told them that they too would be sent to school when they grew older.

CHAPTER II.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

Mother was kept very busy preparing for our departure, and we were given perfect freedom.

We romped about, played "hide and seek," and did all manner of things to pass the time away.

Our last day at home arrived, and we went round and said "Good-bye" to all our friends.

We were sent to bed early that night, that we might have a good night's rest and be fresh for our journey next morning.

Mother seemed so sad when she came to kiss us "Good Night." "The house will be so quiet without you all," she said, "but



"FAIRY KIALEEK" PLAYING HER VIOLIN.

you must go to school and become clever children."

We got up very early next morning, and were very excited. We rushed about here and there having a last look at everything.

The carriage came to the door; our luggage was placed on top; and, after kissing mother and father and Marjorie and Ernest, we stepped in and were driven to the station.

Jane, our nurse, was travelling with us, to see that we arrived safely at school. She brought a nice story book with her and read to us in the train; when we grew tired of the reading, she made us look out of the windows of the carriage and pointed out to us places of interest. In this way the journey did not seem very long, and before we knew it we had arrived at our destination.

We were not strangers to Brighton, as we had once before paid a visit to this famous watering place in the south of England.

CHAPTER III.

OUR ARRIVAL AT SCHOOL.

Jane put us in a carriage, and told the driver to go to St. Christopher's,

"Is that the name of our school?" asked Gordon.

"The name of your school," said Jane.

"Then we are not all going to the same school?" I asked in disappointment.

"No," answered Jane, "you and Miss Irene are going to St. Margaret's School. But you won't be very far away from Gordon, and will be able to see him occasionally."

We soon arrived at St. Christopher's. Some boys were playing about, and looked curiously at us as we passed. Gordon's things were put by a porter. Gordon went up.

stairs with Jane, and was met by a tall gentleman, the head master of the school, whose name was Mr. Herbert. He asked Gordon some questions, and then showed him and Jane round the place. A large room, in which a number of boys slept together in cots arranged side by side, was called the dormitory; then there was a large dining hall, and also a number of class rooms. Gordon's class room had a number of forms arranged in rows; on one side the master's desk was placed, raised on a small platform; on another side was a large black board; a number of maps hung on the walls. Jane said the room looked as if it belonged to clever boys, and she was sure Gordon would become very clever before long.

This made me anxious to see my school, and when we left Gordon I found myself wondering what sort of place we would stop at.

To my great delight and astonishment, we drove through a beautiful garden, and drew

up in front of a pretty, old-fashioned house. We were shown into a cosy parlour by a maid, who smiled pleasantly at us, and soon after Miss Bennett, the head mistress, came in.

Miss Bennett had a very fair skin, and her face and hands were very much freckled. She was short and stout, and looked very strict. I was almost afraid of her.

She shook hands with Irene and myself; asked us our names and ages; and told us she was very glad we had arrived safely, and hoped we would like the school.

The new term had just begun, and we seemed to be amongst the first comers. While we were talking to Miss Bennett, another carriage stopped at the door. An old lady, accompanied by four girls, came out.

Miss Bennett seemed glad to see the old lady, and shook hands with her warmly.

“I am glad to see you back again, Mabel,” said Miss Bennett, turning to one of the

girls, "and you too Ethel," turning to another girl.

"What did you say are the names of the other two girls, Mrs. Robinson?" asked Miss Bennett, addressing the old lady.

"Kathleen and Hilda Lane," the old lady replied.

"We already have a girl here by the name of Hilda Ingle," Miss Bennett said, referring to me, "and, as she came first, I think we will call her Hilda, and call Hilda Lane by her second name, if she has one."

"My second name is Dorothy," said Hilda Lane.

"Well, we'll call you Dorothy instead of Hilda," Miss Bennett answered.

"Now girls," Miss Bennett continued, "I am going to make six of you share one room, and I hope you all will be good friends."

We had now to say "Good-bye" to Jane. We kissed her, and told her to give our love

to all at home, and particularly reminded her to tell father not to forget to send us our pocket money regularly.

The next moment we entered upon our school life. I found that Dorothy Lane was almost the same age as myself; we soon became friends, and looked forward to a happy time together.

CHAPTER IV.

SCHOOL LIFE.

We soon fell into the daily round of school work.

Every morning, except Sundays, we would go out and work in the garden. Each girl was given her own little garden plot, and was allowed to grow on it the flowers she liked best.

On Sundays we attended church in the morning, and a special Children's Service in the afternoon. We used thus to see Gordon pretty frequently, as his school attended the same church, and we were allowed quarter of an hour after service to speak to each other. I introduced Gordon to Dorothy, and we used to have pleasant times together.

Sometimes we used to walk out in charge of one of the teachers—there were two at St. Margaret's besides Miss Bennett, Miss Finson and Miss Little.

We went very often to the sea, and were allowed to paddle in the water. Our favourite amusement was building castles out of sand and playing at "war." We used sometimes to meet on the beach a little girl who could not use her legs—she was a cripple. Her name was Grace Dale, and she used to live with her grandmother, Mrs. Dale, in a cottage not very far away from the sea.

Dorothy and I were very sorry for the little girl, and got Miss Bennett to give us permission to visit her and take her flowers from our own gardens.

Dorothy and I were also in the same class. Miss Finson was our teacher. She was always nasty and cross, and we did not like her at all. We all liked Miss Little, and I envied



"EVERY MORNING WE WOULD WORK IN THE GARDEN.

Irene and her class for having her for their teacher.

The girls used to call Miss Finson "Fish's fin" behind her back; Miss Bennett they called "Benny;" and Miss Little, "Big."

It was very rude of the girls to invent these names, wasn't it? But I think this sort of thing is done in almost every school. Gordon told me they used to call Mr. Herbert "Old Herb." And what about the names given to the girls and boys? These were given quite openly, and some of them were very unkind.

CHAPTER V.

PUNISHED.

One Sunday morning we went to church as usual. After service, Dorothy, Irene, Gordon, and I stopped to talk. Gordon had something important to tell us, and we went right away from the others to have a quiet talk. But alas! we exceeded our time, and found every one gone when we returned.

“We are in for something,” I said.

“Yes,” answered Dorothy, “Miss Finson won’t allow this chance of punishing us go by. She is a horrid cat, and I wish she leaves the school.”

Dorothy was not talking softly. As we turned the corner we came face to face with Miss Finson—she must have heard what had been said.

"Who gave you permission to overstep your time?" asked Miss Finson in a voice which showed she was as angry as she could be. "I'll make an example of you before the school."

Gordon ran away as soon as he saw Miss Finson, and we had to walk back to the school with her alone.

Miss Finson locked us in a room, where she told us we would have to remain till she called us out.

I remembered now that Miss Bennett had gone away for a few days, and exclaimed, "O dear, we are at the mercy of Miss Finson."

"How long do you think she will keep us here?" Irene asked, "perhaps till we starve and die?"

"I really don't know," I answered, "but never mind, don't cry, we'll try to find a means of escape."

We put our heads together and hit upon this little plan.

When the evening came, and the house was quite still, we would get out by climbing down the ivy runner that grew by the window.

Miss Finson brought us our supper of bread and tea only, which we ate and drank as we were hungry. Then, when we thought it safe, we climbed down the ivy and found ourselves in the garden. It was very cold outside. We ran as fast as we could, not stopping till we reached Mrs. Dale's cottage.

As it was unusual for us to be out so late, Mrs. Dale was very surprised to see us.

"Whatever has happened?" she asked in amazement.

"We have run away from school because horrid Miss Finson punished us," I answered, and poured into her ears our tale of woe.

"Dear, dear," she said, "this is a bad business. Whatever made you think of being so naughty? You must go back at once."

"No, Grannie" (all the girls called Mrs. Dale 'grannie' because she was so old), said Dorothy, "if we go back now we will be punished more severely."

"Never mind, children," Grannie said, "that can't be helped. What will your parents say when they hear of this?"

Mrs. Dale gave us some hot milk, which made us warm again, and we promised to return to school.

Now, how were we going to get back to the room? We climbed down the ivy easily enough, but could not climb up again. However, we found a window open downstairs, by which we entered one of the class' rooms, whence we found our way up in the dark. We crept noiselessly down the corridor, till we reached the room into which we had been put. Fortunately, Miss Finson had only drawn the bolt from outside, and we were able to open the door.

CHAPTER VI.

SICKNESS AND RETURN HOME.

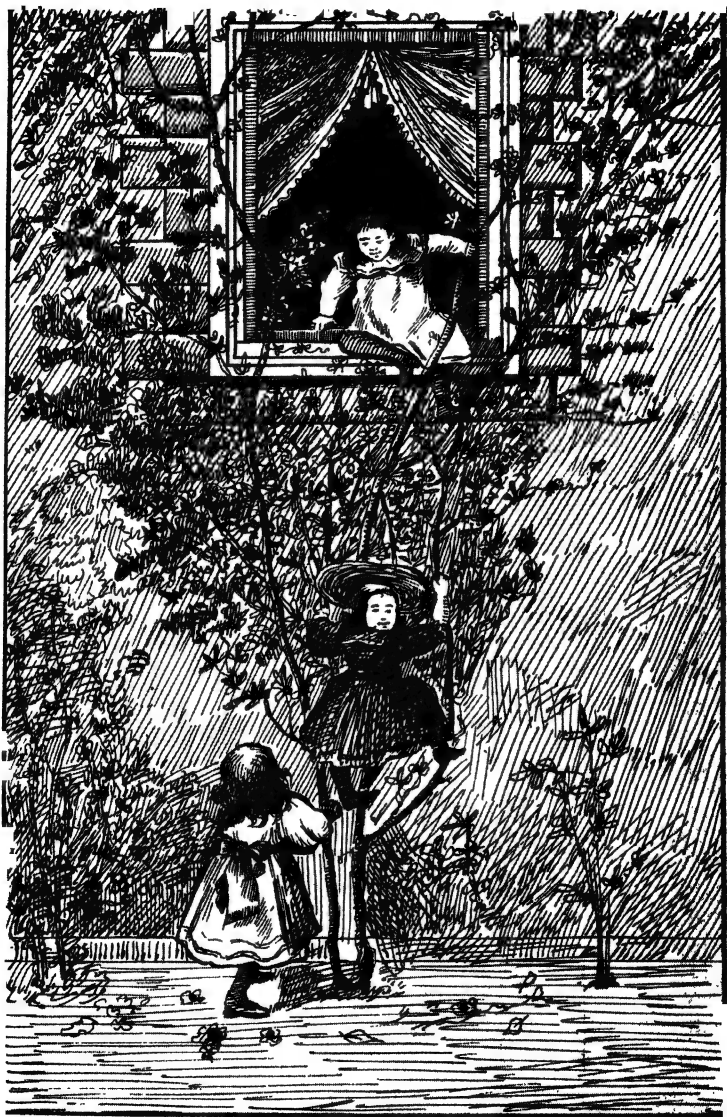
I found I had a bad cold next morning, and my head was hot and ached badly.

Miss Finson came up, and wanted to know how the door was open.

“What have you been doing to get such a bad cold?” she asked me. I would not answer, and Dorothy and Irene were too afraid to speak.

The doctor came later, and said I must be sent home as soon as possible, as he was afraid I was going to be very ill.

Miss Finson seemed very sorry when she heard this. She thought a draught from the window might have given me a chill; and I did not tell her that it was all my own fault.



‘WE CLIMBED DOWN THE IVV.

Jane had to come and take me home. I told her everything, and she was very grieved to hear that I had not told Miss Finson the truth.

“I think you ought to tell her,” she said, “and say also how sorry you are for being so naughty.”

After some hesitation I decided to tell Miss Finson; she did not get angry, as I expected, but said she was very sorry and hoped I would soon be well again.

I was wrapped up in shawls and driven in a carriage to the station. Jane was very kind to me the whole way home; she read to me; told me stories; and tried in every way to make the time pass pleasantly. But my head ached very much, and my lips were dry and hot, so that I was very glad when the journey came to an end.

Father met us at the station, and carried me in his big, strong arms into the carriage

that was waiting at the door. I was so glad when we got home, and I was put in my old room and on my own little bed.

Marjorie and Ernest came and had a peep at me, but were not allowed to stay very long. I wondered where mother was, and asked Jane to call her to me; but Jane said that mother could not come as she was busy attending to a little baby brother who had arrived that morning.

“O, I am so glad,” I said to Jane, “if I were not sick I would go and look after him too. I wish I get well soon.”

The doctor was called in to see me. He gave me such bitter medicine, and told Jane to put such hot poultices on me. How long I was ill I cannot say; it seemed such a long time. I used to hear Marjorie and Ernest playing outside, and longed to join them.

Then one day the doctor said that I might sit up in bed, as I was ever so much better.

And mother came in later to see me, and brought baby with her.

“O, mother,” I cried, giving her a kiss, “what a sweet darling he is. What have you called him, mother?”

“We haven’t named him yet,” mother answered. “I am so glad to see my girlie is better to-day.”

I played with baby, and talked to mother for a long while. Then mother told me I must try to sleep and that Jane would read me a nice story afterwards.

CHAPTER VII.

HAPPY ROSE'S STORY.

The story was about a little girl named Rose, who lived with her parents in a beautiful mansion in the West End of London.

Rose was a very pretty girl; the bloom on her cheeks was like that of the flower after which she was called; her rich dark-brown hair hung gracefully over her shoulders; and the depth of her soul was reflected in a pair of lovely brown eyes, so wistful in expression.

Rose loved her parents very dearly; and the nice house in which she lived, with its garden, its flowers, its birds, and everything that wealth could give.

She loved to sit beside the fountain as it played, and feed the little red and gold fishes as they swam about in their miniature lake.

She loved to listen to the song of the birds, and the beautiful flowers were her special delight.

“Beautiful birds that sing and play,
Through the meadows all the day.
Beautiful flowers that smell so sweet,
In the morning when we meet.
And the beautiful sun that shines about,
All over land and sea.
And the merry sunbeams dance as well,
Around our castle green.
Oh ! I love it, yes, I love, Oh ! I love it true,
For I love the birds and flowers
With all my heart you know.”

Rose used to sing this song, and she meant every word of it.

But alas ! there came a day when Rose had to leave all these beautiful things.

Her ever watchful parents noticed the colour fading from her cheeks, and decided to send her away for a change to the country.

Rose did not like going, and cried very much at first. But her mother told her she would soon be home again, and that the

country was even more beautiful than the city, and she would be very happy with her grandfather and grandmother.

Rose's mother gave her a nice gold locket with her photograph inside ; and her father did the same ; to remind her of them while she was away.

Rose was very much attached to her old nurse, Alice, and insisted on her accompanying her on the journey.

Rose was given a very warm welcome by her grandparents, and they made her very happy. She enjoyed the country life very much, and the colour soon returned to her cheeks.

With her grandmother Rose used to go about visiting the sick and the poor. On one of these visits they went into a house where an old lady lived with a little girl. They were very poor, and the little girl was very sick. Rose felt very sorry for the little girl, and wanted to be very kind to her ; so she asked her

grandmother if she could not bring her home until she got quite well again. Her grandmother gave her permission to do so, and Amy (that was the girl's name) came to live with Rose.

With care and attention, good food and warm clothing, Amy soon got better, and was able to return home quite well.

At Rose's suggestion Amy was sent to school, where she learnt many things, and was able, afterwards, to earn for herself a comfortable livelihood.

Rose returned to her home in London with a happy heart. It made her very glad to think that she had been able to do some good.

CHAPTER VIII.

REPENTANCE AND HAPPINESS.

“Did my girlie like the story read to her?” mother asked, coming in a little later.

“Yes, mother, it was a very nice story. It has made me think a lot,” I answered.

“Made you think?” mother asked, puzzled at what I meant.

“Yes, mother,” I replied, “Rose, whom the story is about, was such a good girl, and I have been Oh ! so naughty.” I burst into tears, and flung my arms around mother’s neck.

She tried to soothe and comfort me, but my heart was too sore to listen to her words. Then she knelt down and prayed ; she asked God to take care of me, and make me a

better girl. What a wealth of comfort there is in prayer ! And how fortunate are those who are blessed with praying mothers !

Mother came to me a few days later, and told me that Gordon and Irene were coming home.

I was well enough to get out when they arrived, and we all had tea together outside. Gordon and Irene were delighted to be home again once more ; they helped themselves freely to the dainties provided on the table ; and we laughed and talked quite merrily together.

Mother told us she was going to have baby christened next week, and was going to give a small party.

“ What name are you going to give baby ? ” Irene asked.

Mother looked at me across the table instead of answering.

“ I have asked mother to call him James, ” I said, taking the hint. “ He will be our

"Little Jim." And his second name is to be Kinnesly, after our grandfather, with whom we are going to spend Christmas."

A shriek of delight was the result of my announcement. Baby was almost pulled to pieces and called "Little Jim" in anticipation.

We were so happy when we went to bed that night. If you had looked through the length and breadth of the land, I do not think you would have found a happier party than the group gathered around our fireside.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RESULT OF A GOOD EXAMPLE.

After we returned from the country, where we spent some very happy days with our grandfather, and where I soon recovered my health and strength, I revealed to mother a wish I had long kept secret.

I remembered Grace Dale, the cripple girl we used to visit at Brighton. How nice it would be, I thought, if she could be cured and made able to walk ! How pleased Grannie Dale would be !

Mother at last gave her consent, and I asked Grace to come up to London on a visit.

A few days after she arrived, father brought a very clever doctor, called a Specialist, to see

her. He was a very kind man, and examined Grace very carefully. He told father that, to be successfully treated, Grace must be taken to one of the big hospitals in London, where she would have to remain, perhaps, many, many months.

Mrs. Dale gave her consent after some hesitation. Grace too was afraid to go, but the kind doctor cheered her up. He came again soon after, and took Grace away with him.

Mrs. Dale remained on in London, living in a small house not far away from the hospital.

We had soon to return to school. Before leaving I was allowed to see Grace and wish her "Good-bye." Poor Grace ! she was very patient through all her suffering.

The days at school passed by very pleasantly. I was now in Miss Bennett's class, and Dorothy was with me again.

Then, the holidays came round, and we returned home rejoicing.

"I have a surprize for you all," mother said one morning at breakfast.

"What is it, mother?" we all asked in excitement.

"You are having some visitors to tea this evening," replied mother.

"Whoever could it be?" we asked each other; but none could guess, and we had patiently to abide the coming of tea time to satisfy our curiosity.

I could scarcely believe my own eyes when I saw Grace walking into the room with Mrs. Dale.

"Grace! is it really you?" I shouted, as I ran and kissed her. "I am *so* glad to see you well."

I could say no more. I looked at Mrs. Dale and saw that she was ready to burst into tears—her joy was so full.

We soon began to talk about "old times" around the tea table.

"Little Jim" was just able to walk about, and he came toddling in, with his chubby little hands outstretched for a biscuit. Jane followed in his rear.

"Do you see how nice Grace is looking, Jane?" I asked.

"Yes," said Jane. "I am glad to see her so well."

"Do you remember the story you read to me when I was in bed, Jane?" I asked. "Well," I continued, taking her memory for granted, "there is Amy; and here is Rose."

Jane nodded and laughed. I knew she understood what I meant.

Grace went away soon after to her own home at Brighton. We used to hear from her often that she was doing well.

"Mother," I said one day when we were alone, "I am trying to be good now, and hope I will never be naughty again."

"God bless you, my child," was all mother said, as she softly kissed my cheek.

THE END.

